

# CHRONICLE

IS PUBLISHED BY MONDY ON MONDAY FOR THE MONDYS, THE JINKSES,  
THEIR KIN, NEAR KIN, AND A FEW FRIENDS

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May I express my deepest gratitude to Anne Armstrong, Bessie Nimmo, and Nell Mondy for their financial support of the Chronicle, which I assure you is a non-profitable institution. I also want to thank all of you who take time to write letters so we can keep up with each other. Even if all you have to report is that you favorite goldfish died, or your kids came home with head lice, or your spouse just won the Reader's Digest prize of \$11,000,000.00; little things like that let us know that you are still alive.

I figure I have received enough letters to warrant putting out another Chronicle, so I'll try and get it out by next Monday. (Broke my heart to write that.)

## JUDY REPORTS ON STORM

"Last night while having dinner with Barbara and Bill Hedrick I told them about the tornado that hit our town and almost got us and Bill thought I should write an account of it for the Chronicle.

"It was raining and dark and I was reading the Chronicle which had just come in the mail. It was 3:45 PM and suddenly the electricity went off and it was so dark I could scarcely see. We knew that there was a tornado alert. Bud was in his room, and suddenly began shouting, 'Mother get down, Mother get down'. I had no idea what he meant, but he had heard it coming and wanted me to get down on the floor. I was in the den and he came running in and helped me get down. My arthritis in my knees is

so bad he had to help me get down, and he got down too. It missed our house but on the next street over it hit a storage shed and tore it all to pieces. It demolished one office building and damaged the Dairy Queen and our new Police Academy.

"But the worst thing was the damage to my church. For nine months we have been worshipping in our Christian Life Center while the sanctuary was being renovated. Last November we celebrated the 60th anniversary of our church. We were so proud of the new look of our church with its new carpeting, beautiful lights, stained glass windows and new steeple. Most of the stained glass windows were blown out. Maybe we were too proud and God had something to tell us.

"Following the tornado we had a terrible rainstorm and the roof of Daughter Sara's porch was blown off but the trailer was not damaged.

"The report of the tornado was on TV and I got calls from lots of friends, also from Margaret, Becky, Jason, Mack and others.

"Yesterday was Niece Patty's birthday and the celebration was at Barbara's so I saw Butch and Ann there.

"I mentioned earlier that my arthritis was very bad. My doctor gave me a sample of a new medicine. I have been taking it for more than a month now and am having no side effects. In the past, all of the medicines I have takes had such bad side effects I couldn't stand them.

"Now, Harrison, be good to my sister,  
Love to all Judy

\* \* \* \* \*

## FROM SPRINGFIELD

Bessie and Bertha reporting

"Our weather here in the beautiful Ozarks has been simply terrible. Bertha and I

stayed in the house for two weeks, going out only to feed the birds, get the mail from the mailbox, and pick up the paper which was sometimes in the snow. We sure kept the telephone busy checking on each other. During all the snow and cold, J.E. was in the hospital and my nephew Louis (Elza's No.2 son) had an appendectomy. Our roads were so bad we couldn't get out to a main street, and it was so cold we would have frozen to death if we had car trouble. Neither Bertha nor I like to drive in these conditions. So we just stayed inside where it was warm. My kids kept a good check on us. The weather is supposed to start warming up and they are predicting a pretty week-end.

"We did have two pretty days last week and were able to get out to see J.E., Louis, and Carolyn and I'm glad to report they are doing real good and all looked great.

"We are certainly looking forward to spring, hope it comes early. My jonquils are coming up, I guess it doesn't get too cold for them.

"Margaret and Harrison, we sure do appreciate all the work and expence you do for us and look forward to hearing from everybody. Love, Bessie and Bertha

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FROM NELL IN ITHACA

"Harrison, thanks for supplying information concerning our deceased cousins. It is sad to think of the many who have passed on. They are greatly missed. [This, in answer to her telephone request several days ago.]

"Dr. Swaim, President of Williams Baptist College, has set Marh 24 as the date for the Lectureship to honor my father, mother, and deceased cousins. He wants me to be present, and I am considering making the trip, but Pocahontas is difficult to reach via travel. I can fly either to Memphis or to Little Rock, but transportation to Pocahontas is a challenge. My last visit was in 1989 for my fiftieth High School reunion, so it would be good to visit with friends and relatives.

"Please extend my sympathy to all who are having terrible weather this year. When I read about the awful weather across the U.S., I am amazed that Ithaca is having such a mild

winter. So far our temperature has not dropped below 4 degrees F and that temperature was only for one day. Usually the temperature ranges between 20 and 40. Our snowfall has been exceptionally light. Sports people are praying for snow. Perhaps my southern relatives should consider moving "North" to escape the cold weather there. I think the weatherman repented for sending us so much snow last year. However, we are enjoying the mild winter.

"It is good to know that Brecken is having such a good year. The Chronicle news is a good way of keeping up with the activities of the Missouri cousins, the Sitzes, and others. Thank you, Margaret Ann (Segrest) for your kind words, it would be good to meet you some time.

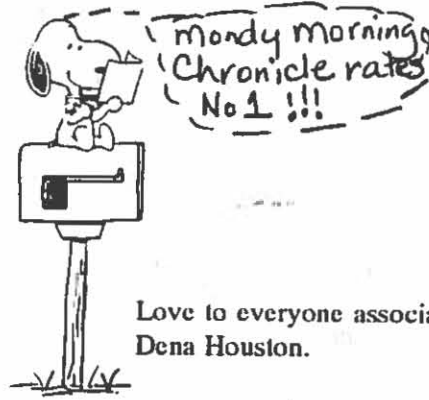
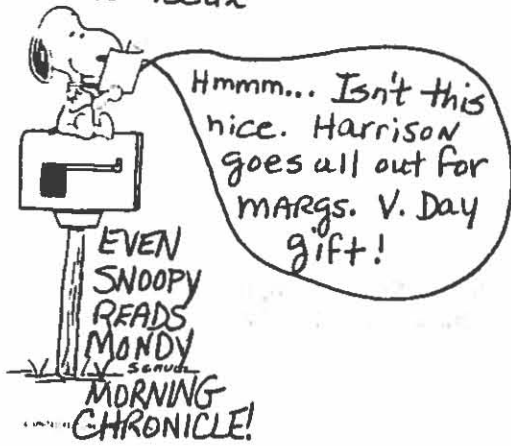
"I need help! The deer are eating my shrubs! I tried putting "Red" hair on the bushes but they continue to eat. Do you suppose "Black" hair would stop them?

"Last week the answering machine on my telephone in my office went up in smoke. Never heard of such a thing but it happened. The telephone and the electric plug still worked just fine. The answering machine had to be replaced. Does anyone know what could have caused this to happen? I concluded that some of the messages must have been pretty hot, or maybe Harrison's house ghost invaded. Your suggestions are welcome. Nell

[Nell, we haven't heard from George in a couple of weeks. Maybe he is visiting you and stuck his finger in your answering machine. If you encounter him around, tell him we miss him.]

On Christmas Eve 1996, the editorial in the Ithaca Journal was interesting, in itself and because it mentioned our cousin, Nell. Somewhere in this edition you will find it.

George came home yesterday we were eating lunch when he started beating his garbage can lid's together. I yelled at him and with a bit of grumbling he stopped.



Love to everyone associated with the Chronicle, Dena Houston.

\* \* \* \* \*

To Pat our Journalist -- we miss you.

\* \* \* \* \*

AND HERE'S DENA

How do you like Snoopy? I think he is cute. [I do too, Dena, and like what they are saying. Also reminds me of my trips to the mailbox and waiting for letters and more letters. Thanks.]

We missed out on the ice storm that was supposed to be heading our way -- AND I am glad. Bring on Spring!!! Harrison, are you still shoveling snow? [Dema, the first spring we were here we had our last big snow on May 29th. We may be shoveling for a long time.]

I've been helping a Dr. Bruce, here in Winona, move his office from the old Shannon County Med. Center to his new location and you ought to see his new offices. They are gorgeous. The Clinic is a service of the Ozarks Medical Center in West Plains.

I looked through several of your old issues of the Chronicle trying to find Mark Miller's address but did not find it. So I'm addressing this bit to him through the Chronicle because you said he had gone to Mexico. Mark: as you know, I'm in the fleamarket business and I wonder what kind of prices they have on sarapes down there. Did you see any bull fights while you were there? And did you soak up a lot of good sunshine before returning to New Mexico?

Margaret, I hope Harrison either serves you breakfast in bed or takes you out fora candlelight dinner on Valentine Day. [Now Dena, don't be putting wild ideas into her head.]

Harrison, I'm doing a little better on my writing to you, am I not? I promised to do better in 1997, and I think I am.

Many of us had dogs when we were growing up and they meant a lot to us. Herman, do you remember you had a dog named "Rough" at the same time we had one named "Shorty" and another named "Rowdy"? We used to call them, by yelling, "Here, Shorty, Rough, and Rowdy". Rowdy was an excellent stock dog, We could send him after the horses or the cows and he would run all over the forty acres until he found them and bring them home. He knew the difference because we whistled for the horses and called "so-o-ok " for the cows. He was also a good hunter, especially for coons. Shorty wasn't worth much except get into a fight with other dogs and Rowdy would have to settle it. When Rowdy became so old he could no longer walk I held him in my arms, then laid him down and closed his eyes and Raymond shot him between the eyes with a 22. We both cried. Later Mom and Dad had a dog named "Pluto". If he was hungry he would go to the woodpile and pick up a stick of wood, bring it to the back porch and drop it. He would keep dropping it until someone heard him and gave him something to eat. Mom used to send him across the road to the store to get small items for her. One dy she sent him after some tooth paste. He bit a hole in it and came home with foam in his mouth. After that, he refused to carry anything that smelled like toothpaste.

I brought this up because Kenneth Aperson just wrote a tribute to his dog and I wanted to put it in this paper. You will find it on the last two pages.

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*Chronicle, Volume V Issue*

I went to the doctor today. He asked, "What do you want?" I said, "I want to find out if you can save my leg or will you have to cut it off?" He spent a lot of time looking at it and laughingly said, "I think we can save it." I will be seeing him again next week after they perform one or more "dopplers" on it. He says it is low blood circulation and may require a bypass in the artery. Says it is due to my sedentary life, (should have been taking more exercise) and maybe my borderline diabetes.

We had about 6-8 inch of snow night before last and another 2 inches last night. No real problems, though. Roads plowed out except our drive-way and Mark Miller came in his 4-wheel truck and made some ruts for us so we are OK. The ground must be warm for a lot of it has melted of today.

Did you hear about the traveling man who called his wife the night before he came home and asked if she wanted him to bring any thing and she said, "Yes, bring me a pound of salt". On the way home he had to pass a lot of little country stores and thinking salt would cost about the same every place he pulled into one and went in. He didn't see any salt so he asked the proprietor if he had salt. "Yes", said the man, "come go with me," and took him out back to a huge building and there was salt in every size, stacked to the ceiling. Boxes, cartons, sacks of salt everywhere. "My goodness, you must sell a lot of salt," the traveler said. "No," said the storekeeper, "I'm no good at selling salt, but that salesman that sells me salt, boy can he sell salt." **[Okay, so you have heard it before; smile anyway.]**

If you will look under my masthead, you will see my new e-Mail address. If you do e-Mail, try me out. Also, send me your address.

# Making peace in our seperate ways

Peace on Earth.

Even on Christmas Eve, the popular holiday card sentiment can seem like hollow words on paper. It is hard to grasp when thousands of refugees roam the war-torn African countryside or people remain hostage in a Peruvian embassy.

The concept seems antiquated when people are mugged for a few dollars in Ithaca so a misguided young person can buy drugs.

Yet true peace remains our most cherished goal because we know that we can make a difference as individuals. In Tompkins County, there are people who bring peace to their worlds with attitudes forged by hope, charity and forgiveness.

The news from 1996 won't be forgotten any time soon. We have lost too many good people this year. Yet in this chaotic landscape there have been quiet heroes, people who couldn't shut down in the face of death, mayhem and intense social challenges, but had to show uncommon leadership and compassion. The list is long in our community because the talent runs deep.

It includes people who went out in rowboats to help neighbors in January's flooding and Dryden Superintendent of Schools Don Trombley, who has had to counsel devastated students, parents and teachers more than once in recent years. The caring anchors found in our social service agencies work to provide peace for thousands of local residents each year, as do the people who support them. The United Way drive met its goal for the first time in five years, an announcement that makes this holiday season special.

Then there are people like Nell Mondy, who represent peace by never giving up, by always taking positive action.

Mondy is the 75-year-old Cornell professor emeritus who in February was assaulted in her Honness Lane home by a teen-age girl who once worked for her. She had her car stolen and her sense of security horribly violated. Yet from the beginning of her ordeal, Mondy was concerned about her attacker and the plight of others who might live in fear.

This Christmas, she is an active member of the Victim Services Committee of the Tompkins County Criminal Justice Advisory Board.

Of equal importance is how she feels about the teen who violated her trust and severely beat her.

"I refuse to carry hate in my heart," Mondy said Monday. "Hate ruins everybody," noting that she planned to contact one of the teen's relatives before Christmas to see how her attacker is faring in state prison.

Finally, the spirit of Peace on Earth can be achieved through small gestures. St. Paul's United Methodist Church in Ithaca has a Christmas star in its sanctuary, a bright light near the top of a 70-foot curtain.

Traditionally, it is never lit until tonight, Christmas Eve.

This year it shone down on hundreds of Christian Ithacans Sunday morning, in memory of Carl Sagan, the son of immigrant Jewish parents.

It said a lot about the strength found in this community and the peace we all desire.



**Mondy**



A written tribute to our loving pet and friend "Jack"

by Kan Apperson

Jack is our pet and he is a large magnificent full blood Doberman. His color is jet black with brown trim in authentic Doberman style. He weighs 85 lb and his body is perfectly shaped from his short cut off tail all the way up to the tips of his neatly trimmed ears. Jack is 4 years old, but is wise and mature for his age. He is filled with boundless energy.

It's constantly a thrill to arrive home and know Jack is waiting. He barks a hello over the roof of the house and greets you in the back yard with a warm smile and expression of loving obedience. He will lick your hand a hundred times a second as he plays about and does his special, run around the yard, routine.

Jack's disposition and attitudes, are an extension of his father and mother. His father, named Beau, was a big majestic full blood Doberman. The first year and half of his life was spent with our son Bryan. Bryan invested endless hours teaching and training Beau in commands and obedience. Jack's mother, named Schotzie, belonged to Bob and Kathy Schell. Schotzie, also a full blood Doberman, has a unique personality. She is a kind and well trained, obedient pet but she is not as large in size as Beau.

Beau's friendly personality as a pet was developed with his association with Bryan. Bryan lived in a trailer home some seven miles out in the Mississippi country side. Bryan was in the pizza business and managed a pizza parlor. After eighteen months answering the question, "what bees on your cheese pizza?" he decided he needed to return to Texas A & M and complete his education. He packed his belongings and he and Beau set out for Texas. On the way to College Station he stopped at our home in Dallas. He asked us to keep Beau for a week or two until he could find a place to live with a fenced yard. Bryan never found a place that allowed him to reclaim his pet. Beau became our pet for the rest of his fourteen plus years of life. We adored Beau and he was like one of the members of our family.

Beau and Schotzie only had one litter of four puppies. Jack is the only male and he is much larger in size than his sisters. From birth, he was very selfish when nursing. He would lay across his mother and prevent the other puppies from eating. It was necessary for Kathy to constantly remove Jack from his mother so the other puppies could nurse. She ultimately named him using the expression "get back Jack". Jack is still very possessive when eating and does not like anyone to mess with his food.

Jack's life as a puppy was lived in DeQueen, Arkansas in the country home of Don and Martha McKinney. They lived on almost fifty acres that backed up to an Arkansas river. Soon after Jack arrived at the McKinney home, Don had major surgery. His recovery included lots of exercise. Jack accompanied Don on daily walks. It was normal for Don and Jack to walk up to four or more miles together each day. The McKinneys developed a strong attachment to Jack and are responsible for his exceptional behavior. After almost a year and half, Don's work required that they relocate to Little Rock. It broke their heart to think that they would have to give up Jack but they knew he could not be cooped up in their home in the city. They decided to leave him with their new tenants at their country home.

As the McKinneys were preparing to move, our Beau unexpectedly got sick and died. When we heard the McKinneys were going to leave Jack, we called and ask if we could have him. They agreed and before the telephone line was disconnected, we were on the three hundred mile trip to Arkansas. We hit it off with Jack instantly. We returned to Dallas and he entered our life as a replacement for Beau. The McKinneys miss Jack's presence very much and continue to make regular checks on him.

Beau was a special pet and Jack is just like his father only more so. Jack has a perfect record in house training. He certainly didn't inherit that from his father. We take him with us on most of our out of town trips. He goes into orbit with glee when we get the leash for a trip in the Van. He is an ideal passenger. We take him to run and exercise where we can remove his lease and allow him to run freely. When possible, we take him to North Lake Park west of our city. We walk with him some two miles from the parking area down to the lake and all the while Jack runs back and forth in front of us at full speed. When we return to the Van he jumps in and seems pleased to return home. We have such pleasure with Jack and it's so thrilling to watch him run. We are planning a trip to Oklahoma when the weather warms to allow him to run on Margaret's' sister and brother in laws' ranch.

One of Jack's favorite tricks is to break out of the back yard fence and charge straight to the front door of the house and after being returned to the back yard, get out all over again. I believe he would do this stunt continually; if we would allow it. All of our neighbors adore Jack and appreciate his presence in the neighborhood.

Only now are we beginning to recognize, understand and fully appreciate the many pleasures God has provided us with having one of his creatures as our pet and friend. On the night of Friday, January 17, 1997, Jack was struck by an automobile and killed instantly. Both Margaret and I feel such a personal loss. Mostly though, we are filled with memories and thankfulness to have been blessed with such a perfect pet and a loving friend named "Jack."